

LAND SALES.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Ohio Circuit Court, Kentucky.
J. M. Hudson, &c., Plaintiffs,
vs.
Eula Hudson, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1906, in the above cause for the purpose of dividing the proceeds amongst the parties in interest and paying costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction at the Court House door in Hartford, on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1907, about one o'clock, p. m., upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A lot or parcel of ground bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in the north side of Fourth street, in the town of Beaver Dam, Kentucky, running thence westwardly with said street 52 1-2 feet to a stake; running thence northwardly 210 feet to a stake; thence eastwardly 52 1-2 feet to a stake; thence southwardly 210 feet to the beginning, containing 1-4 acre more or less.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

This 15th day of December, 1906.
F. L. Felix,
Master Commissioner.
D. B. Rhoads, Attorney.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Ohio Circuit Court, Kentucky.
Gunther-Wright Machine Co., Plaintiff
vs.
Kentucky Coopers Co., Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1906, in the above cause for the sum of \$72.90, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 2nd day of October, 1905, until paid, and \$30.85 costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction at the Court House door in Hartford, on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1907, about one o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A lot or parcel of land at Rockport, Ohio county, Kentucky, and bounded as follows: On the north by the I. C. R. R. Company's right-of-way, on the east by the lands of Tom Tifford, and on the south and west by the Illinois right-of-way and Green river, together with a lot of machinery situated in said boundary, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

This 15th day of December, 1906.
F. L. Felix,
Master Commissioner.
M. L. Heavrin, Attorney.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Ohio Circuit Court, Kentucky.
Sarah Bennett, &c., Plaintiffs,
vs.
Ex Parte.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1906, in the above cause for the purpose of the division of the proceeds amongst the parties in interest and costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction at the Court House door in Hartford, on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1907, about one o'clock, p. m., upon a credit of 6 and 12 months the following described property, to-wit:

A tract of land in Ohio county, Kentucky, bounded as follows: Beginning at a forked sycamore on the north bank of Rough creek, corner to T. J. Lowe; thence with his line N. 63 W. 50 poles to three beeches and gum stump; thence N. 65 W. 94 poles to two beeches, oak and sugar tree, E. Wallace's corner; thence with his line N. 10 W. 68 poles to a stone, corner to Wm. T. Allen's tract; thence with his lines and corners N. 88 1-2 E. 53 poles to a stone; thence N. 2 E. 5 poles to a stone; thence N. 88 1-2 E. 53 poles to a stone; thence S. 77 E. 102 poles to a sycamore on the north bank of Rough creek; thence down said creek as it meanders to the beginning, containing 117 3-4 acres, more or less.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

This 15th day of December, 1906.
F. L. Felix,
Master Commissioner.
Barnett & Smith, Attorneys.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Ohio Circuit Court, Kentucky.
Ohio County Bank, Plaintiff,
vs.
L. E. Reneer, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1906, in the above cause for the sum of \$900, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 1st day of July, 1906, which is adjudged to be due the Ohio County Bank, until paid, and the further sum of \$250.00 with 8 per cent. interest from the 3rd day of April, 1906, and the further sum of \$492.00 with like interest from 3rd day of April, 1906, which sums are adjudged to be due J.W. Chancellor, and \$76.00 costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction at the Court House door in Hartford, on Monday, the 7th day of January, 1907, about 1 o'clock, p. m., upon a credit of six and twelve months the following described property, to-wit:

A tract or parcel of land lying in and near the town of Centertown, Ohio county, Kentucky, on the west side of Mill street, being the northern part of two lots of ground conveyed to L. E. Reneer, et al., by A. L. Rowe, et al., by deed of record in the Ohio County Clerk's office, deed book 19, page 488, and deed book 24, page 18, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone on the west side of Mill street; thence N. 2 W. 20 poles and 31 links to a stone at the west side of said street; thence N. 88 W. 16 poles and 17 links to a stone; thence S. 2 W. 20 poles and 31 links to a

stone; thence S. 88 E. 16 poles and 17 links to the beginning, being the lot which the flouring mill stands, and containing something over 2 acres. The proceeds of the real estate is to first be applied on the judgment due the Ohio County Bank and the remainder, if any, to be applied on the J. W. Chancellor judgment.

At the same time and place I will sell the following personal property, the proceeds to be applied on the J. W. Chancellor judgment: A 75-horse power boiler and engine, (C. J. Walton make), two pair of double roller mills, (Richmond City Mills Works, make), two 30-inch round bolting reels, two Richmond City scalpers, one vertical corn burr, one wheat burr, one corn sheller, one monitor combined wheat separator, one bran bin, one ship stuff bin, one flour bin, six elevators, six boots, six caps, one pair 1,000 pound Victor scales, belts and belting and all other attachments, appliances and fixtures in said mill house and belonging to the mill, including a saw rig, its belts, belting attachments, fixtures and all of the mill machinery, appliances, fixtures and attachments of every kind and description, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

This 15th day of December, 1906.
F. L. Felix,
Master Commissioner.
M. L. Heavrin, Attorney.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Ohio Circuit Court, Kentucky.
Dan T. Wilson, Plaintiff,
vs.
W. M. Dehart, &c., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1906, in the above cause for the sum of \$218.86 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 24th day of June, 1906, until paid, subject to the following credits: \$100.00 June 28th, 1904, and \$16.24 Oct. 18, 1905, and \$40.80 costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction at the Court House door in Hartford, on Monday, the 7th day of Jan. 1907, about one o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land in Ohio county, Kentucky, known as the Jesse Raines tract of land lying on the head waters of Ford Run branch and the Cromwell and Falls of Rough road, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone on the north side of said road near H. Pavlan's house; thence north 19 west 64 poles to a white oak north of Ford Run branch; thence S. 64 W. 100 poles to a broken topped sugar tree on the bank of said branch; thence S. 10 E. to a small dogwood; thence 72 E. to a black gum, Luther Raines' corner; thence about 5 poles to a hickory on the north side of the Morgantown road in Luther Raines' line; thence S. with said road to a stone in Mollie Renfrow's line; thence E. about 20 poles to her N. E. corner; thence N. with J. T. Renfrow's line to a stone in the Cromwell and Falls of Rough road; thence N. 10 W. 70 poles with said road to the beginning, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

This 15th day of December, 1906.
F. L. Felix,
Master Commissioner.
M. L. Heavrin, Attorney.

Good Time.

"When are you going to ask papa's consent?"

"The 2d of January, when he is getting the bills for your Christmas shopping."

Reprint, News-Herald: "There is at least one effectual, safe, and reliable Cough Cure—Dr. Shoop's—that we regard as suitable, even for the youngest child. For years, Dr. Shoop bitterly opposed the use of opiates or narcotics in medicine, offering \$10 per drop to any one finding opium, chloroform or any other poisonous or narcotic ingredient in Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And the challenge is as yet unanswered. Here is one manufacturing physician, who welcomed with much satisfaction, the new Government Pure Food and Drug Law. The public can now protect itself at all time by insisting on having Dr. Shoop's, when a cough remedy is needed." Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., J. H. Williams.

His Fearful Blunder.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Gadsby?"

"Anywhere, to get out of town till it blows over."

"Till what blows over?"

"Hasn't anybody told you? I got my Christmas things mixed, and sent to Aunt Rachel, who lives next door to us, a shaving set I had intended for my nephew."

"That was awkward, but you can explain it."

"No, I can't. That's the worst of it. Aunt Rachel has a good deal more beard than the nephew has."

That's It!

Stuart obtained judgment for a large Cough yourself into a fit of spasms and then wonder why you don't get well. If you will only try a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup your cough will be a thing of the past. It is a positive cure for Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary diseases. One bottle will convince you—at your druggist, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Sold by J. H. Williams.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

Rare Brevity and Beauty of Lincoln's More Notable Addresses.

Nothing would have amazed Mr. Lincoln more than to hear himself called a man of letters, and yet it would be hard to find in all literature anything to excel the brevity and beauty of his address at Gettysburg or the lofty grandeur of his second inaugural. In Europe his style has been called a model for the study and imitation of princes, while in our own country many of his phrases have already passed into the daily speech of mankind.

His gift of putting things simply and clearly was partly the habit of his own clear mind and partly the result of the training he gave himself in days of boyish poverty, when paper and ink were luxuries almost beyond his reach and the words he wished to set down must be the best words and the clearest and shortest to express the ideas he had in view. This training of thought before expression, of knowing exactly what he wished to say before saying it, stood him in good stead all his life, but only the mind of a great man with a lofty soul and a poet's vision, one who had suffered deeply and felt keenly, who carried the burden of a nation on his heart, whose sympathies were as broad and whose kindness was as great as his moral purpose was strong and firm, could have written the deep, forceful, convincing words that fell from his pen in the later years of his life. It was the life he lived, the noble aim that upheld him, as well as the genius with which he was born, that made him one of the greatest writers of our time.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

A sour stomach, a bad breath, a pasty complexion and other consequences of a disordered digestion are quickly removed by the use of Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets. Two days treatment free. Sold by J. H. Williams, Hartford, Ky.

The Sonnet Writers.

The fashion of sonnet writing was at its height in the sixteenth century, when Ronsard, the French "prince of poets" in his own country and generation, wrote over 900 sonnets, a total which appears only to have been exceeded by Góngora de Quevedo, the Spanish Voltaire, who is said to have written over 1,000. Fortunately for sonnet lovers some of the best poets have been prolific sonnet-writers. Petrarch, who created the classic model which later poets imitated, wrote 365. Camões is responsible for 302, Sir Philip Sidney wrote 108, Spenser 88 and Dante 80. English sonnets were first written by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1540-42) and Henry Howard, earl of Surrey (1517-47), and the first appearance of any in book form was in a rare publication briefly known as "Tottius Miscellany," the full title being "Songs and Sonnettes written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other." The greatest sonnet-writers of our language are Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Rossetti.—London Standard.

Tiger and Vulture of the Sea.
If the "killer" whale is "the fiercest of the sea," as the writer of an interesting article in the September Windsor has it, the oceans surely are the vultures of the ocean. In connection with whale catching the author of this interesting natural history article tells of the following incident: Some years ago a whaler in the northwest had killed a large whale and had the animal along side when it was attacked by a school of orcas. They doubtless were half starved and, crazed by the scent of blood that extended away a long distance, probably followed it up like homing pigeons, immediately attacking the whale. The men, with spears and lances, cut and slashed at them, inflicting terrible blows, yet despite this the orcas literally tore the whale from the ropes and carried it off. This certainly shows that the orcas, together with a very fair share of intelligence, are also creatures of extraordinary courage.—Dundee Advertiser.

Always in Evening.

A still summer's twilight, quiet and almost sad. The trees nodded sleepily, as if hushing the world to rest. Suddenly the silent beauty was rudely disturbed. The clattering of a horse's hoofs broke the silence into a thousand echoes. A horseman dashed through the scented lanes, rage glittering from his eyes. He sprang from his horse and rushed into the still homestead and dragged forth Farmer Brown.

"Why, what matter, Squire Tampion?" queried the worthy farmer in sleepy surprise.

"Matter?" repeated the squire. "Why, matter enough, to be sure! Your great lubberly son Jack has run off with my beautiful daughter Maud."

"Has he, really?" cried the farmer, now thoroughly awake. "Thee'st right

OLD PEOPLE



NEED VINOL

Because it contains the very elements needed to rebuild wasting tissues and replace feebleness with strength. We return money if it fails to benefit.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO.

Melting Fire Clay With Sun's Rays.

There is an apparatus which concentrates the rays of the sun from more than 6,000 small mirrors on a spot about seven inches in diameter. The heat generated is about 7,000 degrees F. Iron can be melted in less than a minute and fire clay fused in about three minutes by this machine. Magnesia, one of the hardest things to melt, requiring a heat of about 6,400 degrees F., can be reduced to a molten state in twenty minutes. For the benefit of those who wish to forget the name of this instrument it is called the pyriophorus.

Protective Colors of Animals.

I seem to trace a faint clew to the connection between the protective coloring and the mind in the intense desire of the fox to remain concealed and unseen. That this is a possible theory we infer from the fact that a blind animal does not change color. Put a dozen mammals into an ordinary white wash basin and they will in a very short time be of a pale color. If over one no change passes we may be tolerably certain that it is blind.—From Dale's "The Fox."

Guess Again.

"I have a pleasant surprise for you, Miss Sharply."

"Can I guess what it is, Mr. Bore-some?"

"You may try, Miss Sharply."

"Let me see. I guess you are going to tell me that you intended leaving the city."

"Good night, Miss Sharply."

"Good night, Mr. Bore-some."—Pleasant Plain Dealer.

Monotonous.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher.

"Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet \$5,000 or \$10,000 on a horse race without caring whether he loses it or not."—Washington Star.

Sounded Expensive.

Dumley—How much will it cost to send a packing case from Philadelphia to Boston? Freight Agent—Six cents a foot. Dumley—My! How many feet is it from Philadelphia to Boston?—Philadelphia Press.

An Ascending Scale.

Curate's Little Girl—My hen has laid an egg. Vicar's Little Girl—My hen has laid two. Bishop's Little Girl—That's nothing. My father has laid a foundation stone.—London Sketch.

He that was never acquainted with adversity has seen the world but one side and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.—Seneca.

His Sorrow.

Maud (newly married)—You look very melancholy, George. Are you sorry you married me? George—No, dear, of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry. Maud—Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me? George—Neither do I. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them.

Happiness.

Things are so arranged in this world that happiness as a profession must ever be a failure. It cannot be found by seeking it. It is a reflex action. It is incidental, a product which comes from doing noble things. It is impossible for a person to be really happy by making pleasure a profession.—Success Magazine.

Some of Them Do.

The master had been giving a class of youngsters some ideas of adages and how to make them. Presently he said:

"Birds of a feather—do what?"

"Lay eggs," piped a small boy before anybody else had a chance to speak.

The Leading Part.

Twynn—I hear that Skidmore has laid the Widow Weeds to the altar. Tri-let—That is what it is called for politeness' sake, but from my post of observation it looked as though the widow were a neck ahead of him all the way up the aisle.

HER PET AVERSION.

The Reason One Woman is Afraid of Her Bath-tub.

"I know a good many people are afraid of a bathtub," said a woman, "but not in the way that I am. I am not afraid of the water after I am in the tub. It's getting in and out I am afraid of, though water in a bathtub has been deadly, too, to some. I knew of a man once who was drowned in his bathtub. Many a man has drowned in his bathtub, but I know the widow of this one, and that was what brought it home to me. Whenever they introduced her they whispered, 'Her husband was drowned in a bathtub.'"

"It seemed to me a sort of disgrace to her, that way of dying. If he wanted to drown, why didn't he go to the river? If he didn't do it purposely, then it was the fault of the bathtub, and that makes it a dangerous thing, to my notion."

"I never get in or out of my bathtub without thinking of him and his three ribs or without being afraid I'll fall on the edge of it and knock out all my front teeth."—New York Press.

A BEGGAR OF KHIVA.

He Was Nasty and a Thing of Shreds and Patches.

In an open square, where the dust pall forbade sight or breath, I directed my steps toward the source of a throbbing roll that ceaselessly wove itself in with the noise of voices and the pattering of unshod feet of beasts. As I neared it the noise became detached from the hubbub, a distinct and individual thing, which insistently claimed attention and made the very notes in the air dance to time. Under a willow tree by the water ditch that defined the square sat a bent old man, unbelievably ragged. So torn were his many khakats that they did not seem like constructed garments at all, but strings of tatters and tags collected and hung on his fat, weak body. His head was bent on his breast, and his eyes were half closed. On his stomach was a wooden bowl, with a skin drum head stretched across it, and on this drum head he beat incessantly with his knuckles and his fist. The motion was so automatic and deadly regular in its recurrent changes that it seemed almost as if he were a clockwork figure set at the edge of the busy market to record the passage of time. I flung some copper coins on the brass begging tray by his side and went off, unconsciously adjusting my steps to his beating. He made the trivial barter and the driving of laden animals seem rapid and futile, and my bit of charity sickened me. It was as if I had happened along and patted Socrates on the back.—Langdon Warner in Century.

Acoustics and Coughing.

Coughing is one of the nuisances that no one has been able to abolish in churches or in theaters. A physician, however, claims that the coughing nuisance is a mere question of acoustics. "There is a subtle connection between the ear and the throat," he said. "When the ear is strained the throat is affected, and a cough is the result. When we can hear perfectly in church or theater it never occurs to us to cough. But when we bend forward, straining every nerve to catch the actor's or preacher's muffled syllables, then we find ourselves coughing every little while. Build auditoriums with perfect acoustic properties and I warrant that the thunderous choruses of coughs so common now among us will be no more heard."

Life in the Kennel.

The following story from a well known Devonshire clergyman shows how the life in the kennel is brightened by play: "Some fifty years ago I was visiting Mr. Garth's kennels when the first whip showed me a tunnel in the airing ground about six feet long which the hounds had dug themselves and utilized as follows: They used to choose one of themselves and start him to run round the yard, they being in full pursuit, till he had enough. Then he went to ground in the tunnel, while another hound took his turn to be hunted and go to ground." This is one way in which hounds train themselves.—T. F. Dale in Outing Magazine.

No Comparison.

Mrs. Upmore was recalling her early married life.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "we were happy then—foolishly happy in our little Utopia."

"I've seen the place once or twice," said Mrs. Gaswell, "and I don't blame you for moving away from it. Newport is ever so much finer, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Into the Next Day.

"When I leave you tonight," said Mr. Staylate, "I hope you—"

"Gracious! Are you coming again tonight?" exclaimed Miss Patience Gonne. Then for the first time the proximity of the dawn dawned on him and he lit out.—Exchange.

Too Fast.

"What's become of that brother-in-law of yours?" asked the old friend. "He had a bright future before him."

"Yes, he had," sighed the other old friend, "but he outran it."

A small cloud may hide both sun and moon.—Danish Proverb.

PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.

The Women Mostly Bald and the Men Mostly Drunkards.

"The women, not the men, go bald in Britain," said a barber. "They bald where it shows most—above ears. Women, quite bald above ears, are as common in Brittany as baldheaded men are with us."

"Brittany is a granite strewn, well wooded country in northwest France, overlooking the sea. It is Hampshire, with the sea added. Breton peasants speak a language which resembles Welsh. They are strangers, and they wear a peculiar costume."

"This costume is what causes baldheaded woman. One part of it, a cap or headdress, a cap of white requires that the hair be drawn very taut from the temples. Back thus, as taut as it will go, begins to disappear at the age of thirty-five, and by the time she is thirty or forty the Breton peasant woman looks as if she were the victim of a horrible disease, for, from her temples to well behind her ears, she is bald as an egg."

"The men, on the contrary, are new bald. For one reason, they work too heavily. For another, they belong to the low, animal type of man that serves a head of thick, coarse hair the end. They are a nasty lot, the of Brittany—drunk every day or putting all the work on their wives shouting ribald insults in the Breton tongue at tourists."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE BUTTE HILL.

Where Fortunes Were Made and Spent in a Day.

When Daly had acquired the riches surrounding the Alamosa, he opened up the Butte hill. One day he had a vivid imagination to picture himself the growth of Butte from its time on during Marcus Daly's last fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended in the mines daily to strip them of the treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stave and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above. For these copper veins are often 100 feet wide. Immense smokestacks began to vomit their clouds of smoky steam, scores of furnaces scattered over the hill; the moon and clank of huge pumps could be heard in the depth forcing the water to the surface; the pound of hammers and the steady in part of drills sounded everywhere while the earth trembled and below with distant underground explosions. Great hollows, like cathedral naves, were scooped out, where the treasure had lain in the rock ribbed earth. Horses and mules were blindfolded and lowered into the mines—where their heads, like the gray beards of the old miners, soon took on the greenish color of the copper which saturates everything below the surface. The Butte hill soon became a veritable underground city.—C. P. Connolly in Mc Clure's Magazine.

Values of Fats and Oils.

There is a remarkable misapprehension, particularly among many persons of the more intelligent class of our people, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, as to the real value of the fats and oils. The muscle or meat is a valuable source of protein but the excessive consumption of protein invites various diseases which are very prominently in the causes of death. The fats and oils increase resistance against cold and some of the causes of disease. The health of many so-called scrofulous children would be improved by teaching them to eat more fat. Fats in abundance constitute a very essential part of the diet of the tuberculous patient. A larger proportion of the fatty elements of foods would go a long way in adding to the robustness of many persons and saving them from the subsequent development of tuberculosis.

Buttons and Women's Clothes.

"Why does a woman button her garments on the left side?" The question is discussed in the London Tailor and Cutter by several correspondents, one of whom advances this theory: "For ladies to have the buttonholes in the right side of their garments has its origin in the times when it was necessary for a lady when going out at night to have a gentleman escort, who supported her upon his left arm, leaving his right or sword arm at liberty. Thus the lady's left hand would be free to fasten or unfasten her cloak at her own pleasure and without inconvenience."

The Joy of Life.

The man who does not feel his heart throbbing with gratitude every day of his life for being born in the very golden age of the world and who does not feel that he owes a tremendous debt to the past, to all the people who have struggled and striven and sacrificed before him, is not made of the right kind of stuff.—Success Magazine.

Ready to Pose.

He—Why are you wearing that expensive gown at that dinner tonight? It isn't such a swell affair. She—I know it, but I don't feel like talking much, and with this gown on I won't be entirely lost sight of.—Detroit Free Press.

Where She Parted From Paul.

A certain old lady was strongly for woman's rights in the of preaching when some one attempted to put her down with a text from St. Paul. "Ah," said she, "that's where Paul and I differ!"—Household Words.

I have always thought that what was good was only what was beautiful put in action.—Rousseau.